Stormwatch: Team Achilles
Issue #1: "The Big Dance"
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PAGE 1

PANEL ONE

Widescreen panel, big. Early Morning, New York City. The yellow morning light shimmers off of the lake as people of all shapes and colors run around the Central Park reservoir jogging path.

We don’t really care about those people, however, because smack dab HUGE in the center of this panel, running right at camera, is the most beautiful woman you’ve ever seen. She’s short, asian, has short black hair and the cutest set of pert b-cup breasts, no bra. Her sweaty shirt is stuck to her chest, her nipples clearly showing. She’s covered in a thin sheen of sweat and if you’re not already getting excited drawing her, then you need to start over.

CAPTION
New York City. Central Park. Monday. 0645.

PANEL TWO

Widescreen panel, reverse angle on The Beauty’s back as she continues down the path. You thought her breasts were nice? Her ass will make you cry. Oh, and she’s wearing REALLY short shorts. The kind that ride up a little when you run.

At the left side of the panel runs Coleman, on the right side is Santini. Their heads are twisted all the way around to watch the woman as she runs between and past them. We can’t see their faces.

NO DIALOG

PANEL THREE

Same widescreen shot. The woman is smaller in the BG. Coleman and Santini look at one another with a “damn” look on their faces.

COLEMAN
I love the freaks in this city.

SANTINI
Better than DC anytime.

PAGE 2

PANEL ONE

Widescreen shot from behind Santini and Coleman as they split apart, going wide to avoid two ridiculously fat people taking up most of the path. Let's use waist-up shots or obscure Santini's left knee with other runners, foliage, Coleman, etc. I want to save Santini's metal knee until the bottom of page.

COLEMAN
What's wrong with Washington? Other than the weather, the people, the crime, the racist hillbilly Senator who's holding up our funding…

SANTINI
Don't remind me. If I can't get that cracker to lighten up, Stormwatch won't have money for light bulbs, much less that damn teleporter.

PANEL TWO

Widescreen. The men turn the corner onto Central Park East Drive. We can see cars and such from here. Two Ambulances are driving past, its sirens and lights on. Santini is lagging a little behind Coleman. We STILL haven't seen his knee yet.

COLEMAN
My Gramma always said that if you want a friend in Washington you should buy a dog.

SANTINI
Hold up. I got a problem here.

PANEL THREE

Widescreen. Santini's bent leg up on a park bench. This is the first time that we've seen this: from high on his shin to low on his thigh, his leg is missing. In its place is carbonized composite plastic and gleaming metal.

It's an artificial knee implanted after Santini's real one was shot out by Jacob Marlowe way back in WildC.A.T.S. #2. This thing doesn't look "cool" or "techno" -- it just looks creepy.

It certainly doesn't look like a normal knee would. Think of something non-human like a door hinge on steroids. Just remember that it's got to get blood back and forth from his heart to his shin and foot.

Santini works a piece of the knee mechanism with his fingers. In the background, a kid and his mom rudely stare at Santini's leg.

2 CONTINUED:

COLEMAN
I thought those things worked better than your real knees?

SANTINI
Most of the time. Oh, here we go, gotcha you little bastard…

PANEL FOUR

Widescreen. Close on Coleman and Santini standing up. Santini holds a small stone chip he just pulled out of his knee mechanism. An ambulance roars past unnoticed in the background.

COLEMAN
If they work so well, maybe I should get both of my knees replaced.

SANTINI
Don’t joke around about crap like that. If I thought you were one of those guys, I’d doubletap you myself.

COLEMAN
Easy, Action. It was a joke.

PAGE 3

PANEL ONE

Half wide. On Santini. He shrugs. A cop car roars past them.

SANTINI
Read the files. That's how it starts… "I'll just get a new leg." Then it's new arms, and eight months later you're just a brain in a jar inside some huge goddamn robot.

PANEL TWO

Widescreen. Coleman watches as Santini buys a bottle of water from a hot dog cart vendor. Policecars and ambulances roar past them.

COLEMAN
And then you put bullets into me. Hey, what's this senate guy's malfunction? Why can't he come across with our money?

SANTINI
He believes all that "UN-equals-black-helicopters-one-world-government" crap.

COLEMAN
Don't it?

PANEL THREE

Widescreen. Coleman and Santini walk. Santini hands the water bottle to Coleman. Several cop cars race through the background.

SANTINI
Who cares? Going through the UN is the only way this team gets the international clearances we need. Why?

COLEMAN
Just feels weird working with so many foreigners, that's all.

SANTINI
Well, you helped pick 'em. You don't like 'em, it's your own fault.

PANEL FOUR

Coleman empties Santini's water bottle down his throat.

SANTINI
Besides, once they arrive stateside next week, you don't like 'em, they're gone.

3 CONTINUED:

COLEMAN
Cool. I can’t have someone at my back who’s going to turn and run when things get hot.

SANTINI
Well, that’s why we don’t have any Frenchmen on the team, ain’t it?

PAGE 4

PANEL ONE

Coleman makes an excellent three-point shot putting the bottle in the trash. He and Santini stare at the passing emergency vehicles. There’s a LOT of them.

COLEMAN
That strike you as a lot of police and ambulances?

SANTINI
Hell if I know… I’m new to this city. Could be anything from a train accident to some punk robbing a liquor store.

PANEL TWO

Dramatic upshot from between Coleman & Santini. Four F-18 Hornets race by overhead through the middle of Manhattan, sonic booms cracking office windows, blowing leaves and newspaper everywhere.

SANTINI
Now THAT is an unusual emergency response.

PANEL THREE

Coleman and Santini watch F-18’s race eastwards towards the river.

COLEMAN
Where you think they’re going? What’s in that direction?

SANTINI
Jeez, I barely know. Lessee, The East River. Brooklyn? The UN.

PANEL FOUR

Coleman and Santini look at one another with a sinking look on their faces.

NO DIALOG

PANEL FIVE

Coleman and Santini run down the block in the same direction of the ambulances and the firetrucks.

NO DIALOG

PAGE 5

PANEL ONE

Widescreen. Coleman and Santini run alongside of a firetruck which is blocked by a minor traffic fender-bender between a yuppie in an SUV and another in a Mercedes. The two drivers stand in the street, arguing about the accident. We're talking about really minor damage, maybe some scratched paint. The fireman shakes his fist at the cars blocking his path.

ACCIDENT GUY #1
(tiny text) You hit my car!

ACCIDENT GUY #2
No, YOU hit MY car!

FIREMAN
Get out of the way you stupid sonsabitches!

PANEL TWO

Santini grabs the truck's side ladder. He pulls his STORMWATCH FETISH out from under his thin jogging shirt and flashes it at the firetruck's wheelman. The fetish is a dog-tag shaped device about a half-inch thick. It's a communicator, a locator, and an ID Badge all wrapped up in one.

SANTINI
We're with Stormwatch, the UN's special response team.

FIREMAN
Stormwatch, huh? I thought you guys was shut down a couple'a years ago.

SANTINI
We're the new team. What's going on?

PANEL THREE

The fireman shrugs.

FIREMAN
Be glad you're not at work already. Some kinda major superjerk shitstorm at the UN.

SANTINI
Can we catch a ride with you?

FIREMAN
Why don't you fly there, Mister Stormwatch Superhero?

5 CONTINUED:

PANEL FOUR

Small panel. Santini and Coleman look at one another.

COLEMAN
We're not superheroes.

SANTINI
We *kill* superheroes.

PANEL FIVE

Small panel. The fireman grins widely.

FIREMAN
Well, Hell, man, why didn't you say so in the first place? Jump on, buddy.

PANEL SIX

Widescreen action shot as the the fireman rams his truck through the rich yuppie idiots blocking his way. While they started with minor bumper scratches, now both cars are totally demolished. Haw haw.

NO DIALOG

PAGES 6-7

THIS IS A TWO-PAGE SPREAD OF THE BURNING U.N. IN THE BACKGROUND, WITH SMALLER PANELS STACKED ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF PAGE #7.

TWO-PAGE PANEL

Dramatic upangle. This is essentially Coleman & Santini's POV from the ground and across the street. A row of cop cars is strung across the street as a makeshift barricade. In the middle of the street, several rescue vehicles burn. Skeletal remains can be seen inside some of them. There are clumps of injured rescue workers all over the page.

In one large group, the Fire Chief (dressed in slacks, shirt, tie & fire helmet) yells into a cel phone. He's surrounded by shouting firemen, policemen and fleeing pedestrians. Santini and Coleman are walking towards the cluster of rescue bigshots.

Above street level, three F-18 jets circle the building. One of them is in flames. A shining flame trail leads from the center of it towards another one.

This fiery trail is ASH SHAMS (the Sun), the first of our Egyptian Super-Terrorists which are attacking the UN. We don't really interface with him until next issue.

CAPTION
United Nations Headquarters

SMALL PANEL TWO

Ash Sham's flame trail smashes right through the second jet, and loops back on itself in an arc, heading towards the third jet.

The pieces of the first downed jet have impacted on the ground outside the UN tower.

The second downed jet has been torn to fiery pieces. The burning chunks fall towards the UN building.

NO DIALOG

SMALL PANEL THREE

The second jet's pieces cause a huge explosion in the side of the UN tower as they too tear a hole in the building.

The second jet explodes in flame as Ash Sham's fiery trail smashes through it as well, looping back towards the ground.

The ejected pilot from the second jet falls towards the ground, his chute aflame.

NO DIALOG

6-7CONTINUED:

SMALL PANEL FOUR

Coleman and Santini in the middle of the circle of rescue workers. Santini flashes his Stormwatch Fetish.

FIRE CHIEF
(into cel phone)
You tell that billionaire asshole that I'll be goddamned if I'm going to kill any more of my men trying to get near that building! Christ, where's Giuliani when we need him?

POLICE LIEUTENTANT
Stormwatch? Christ, look, the last thing I need is some more of you superfucks mixing it up above Manhattan.

SANTINI
We're not Superfucks.

COLEMAN
We kill Superfucks.

At the bottom of the panel, a fireman points at the sky and screams.

FIREMAN
Geddown! It's coming around again!

PANEL FIVE

Coleman, Santini, the Lieutenant and all of the cops drop flat. The cars above them shake and rattle as huge chunks are torn out of them. Two unlucky EMTs a few feet back from the line of cars are shot.

NO DIALOG

PAGE 8

PANEL ONE

Over the Shoulder shot as Coleman and Santini stare over the hood of the shot-to-pieces cop car they're hiding behind.

Floating down the street in front of the UN grounds is a hovering armored bug-shaped craft bristling with weapons. This is the vehicle of the STEEL SCARAB, a vicious, non-powered villain and the second of the team of Super-Terrorists.

SANTINI
We've got weapons inside the UN which will take that thing out!

POLICE LIEUTENTANT
Morning run get you suicidal today?

PANEL TWO

Widescreen. Inside the Steel Scarab's ship. Over the Shoulder of the Scarab as he looks out his windshield. Scarab is a Anglo guy, not an Egyptian… He's a paid mercenary, not a believer. We get into that in issue #2.

The Scarab's bug-ship is a couple hundred million dollars worth of military hardware. He sits strapped into a plush leather chair, all of the controls within easy reach. It's like the deluxe version of the Millennium Falcoln. It's all lit up red inside, like a submarine movie.

The Scarab's front windshield is a Heads-up-display. Running across the bottom left of the screen are Santini and Coleman. Their bodies are outlined in green. Computer-drawn lines link their faces to square windows containing their service photos. Their names are printed underneath.

Behind Santini & Coleman, all of the cops are firing at the bugship. They are all outlined in green as well, and they have large numbers over their heads. The lower number cops (1,2,3) are in various stages of being shot to death as the computer moves teh targeting systems. Make at least one of them a woman.

Scarab presses a button on his complicated dashboard.

STEEL SCARAB
This is Scarab. Santini and Coleman are onsite. What do you want me to do?

PANEL THREE

Close-up on a woman's lips. She holds a cel phone up to her ear. We can't see who she is, but it's Ivana Baiul. Do you feel cheated that I told you?

8 CONTINUED:

IVANA BAIUL
Kill them. I'll *double* your bonus if you *burn* them to death.

STEEL SCARAB (OVER PHONE)
Sometimes I really love working for you.

PANEL FOUR

Coleman tackles Santini, shoving him behind a burnt-out cop car as a stream of liquid napalm burns through the air above them.

COLEMAN
Down!

PANEL FIVE

Liquid flame shoots around the edges of the cop car. The metal barely shields Santini and Coleman. Santini points at a half-open manhole cover near the back wheel of the car.

SANTINI
There!

PANEL SIX

New angle. The bugship fires at the cop which explodes. We can't see Coleman or Santini.

PANEL SEVEN

Santini and Coleman are Underground in a ten-foot high sewer main, waist deep in human filth.

COLEMAN
Out of the frying pan into the shithouse. Now what?

Santini is looking to a 30-inch concrete pipe pouring liquid filth into the main sewer line.

SANTINI
That pipe's probably coming from the UN.

COLEMAN
You're joking, right?

PAGE 9

Try to use a lot of black on this page to enhance the illusion of being underground. We'll have to cheat somehow to light these guys… Maybe we can put a maplight on their Stormwatch Fetishes.

PANEL ONE

Widescreen. Coleman and Santini crawl on their bellies through a narrow pipe full of liquid filth. The torrent of muck flows past them up to shoulder level.

COLEMAN
This really takes the freaking cake. Are you even sure this goes to the UN?

SANTINI
No, but you're welcome to go back outside and let that asshole in the bug ship take a few shots at you. C'mon. Didi Mao.

PANEL TWO

Coleman is trying to get into a vertical pipe by bending backwards. It's not working.

COLEMAN
There's a vertical pipe here, but I can't bend backwards far enough to get into it!

SANTINI
Then roll over face up and bend forwards.

COLEMAN
No way! My head'll be under this… this shit!

SANTINI
Fortune favors the bold, my friend. Suck it up and roll over. In that order.

PANEL THREE

Coleman rolls over in the sewer pipe. The filth and waste covers his head. Yum!

NO DIALOG

PANEL FOUR

Coleman bends at the waist and comes out of the sewage pipe into a vertical access pipe. His hands pull him upwards on iron bars set into the side of the pipe. Raw sewage runs down his face. If we want to get really disgusting, let's have some coming out of his mouth. Fun!

9 CONTINUED:

COLEMAN
Blaeachh! I'd better get a freakin' raise for this.

PAGE 10

PANEL ONE

Coleman's face is illuminated by four one-inch hook-holes in a manhole cover. Santini is below him in the pipe.

COLEMAN
Okay, I think we're here.

SANTINI
Thank Christ. You're dripping shit all over my face.

COLEMAN
Well, then don't look up, sir.

SANTINI
Get a move on.

PANEL TWO

Medium shot. The UN utility basement. Pipes, concrete and steel beams. Dirty, dusty, dimly lit. A manhole cover has been pushed aside. Coleman is halfway out of the pipe. He's filthy… He's been crawling through shit for the last page after all.

Standing right in front of Coleman are a pair of armored legs. Pointing right at Coleman's face is the scariest automatic weapon you've ever seen.

HAMAT (O.S.)
Out. Slowly.

PANEL THREE

Coleman is on his knees, hands behind his head, facing towards the pair of legs. Santini is midway out of the pipe. He's also covered with shit. Hamat has a strange electronic-looking pistol is pointed at Santini and the same automatic rifle pointed at Coleman's head. Santini pleads for his life. The Coward. Coleman stares at him in mute amazement.

HAMAT (O.S.)
You can not sneak up on me, American Soldiers. I am to be having some of the enhanced hearing.

SANTINI
Don't kill us! We're not soldiers!

PANEL FOUR

On HAMAT. This is our first good look at Hamat, the first of our Egyptian super-terrorists. Hamat's entire body is covered in shiny metallic armor, leaving only his face exposed.

10 CONTINUED:

He's got red sunglasses protecting his eyes. He's got guns of all kinds strapped to every spare place on his body. He's got one of those crazy Taliban beards… That'll look funny sticking out of a metal suit of armor.

SANTINI (O.S.)
Look at us! We're not wearing uniforms! We don't have any guns! What kind of soldier doesn't have a gun?

HAMAT
If you are not soldiers, then why for are you doing here?

PANEL FIVE

On Santini and Coleman. They cringe and crawl. It's sickening. Hide Santini's knee… It might not be so believable on a sewer worker.

SANTINI
We work in the sewers!

COLEMAN
(catching on)
Yeah! I'm just a little guy! The rich white man makes me crawl through shit!

PANEL SIX

Medium on Hamat and Coleman. Coleman's hands are up like he's praying to Hamat. Hamat sniffs the air.

HAMAT
Truly you do. I am regretting having much of the enhanced smelling. Get up, little sewer rats. I put you with rest of hostages.

PAGE 11

Okay, here’s the page where we beat the crap out of Hamat.

PANEL ONE

Coleman’s left “praying” hand pushes Hamat’s gun to the left, away from his head. It goes off, BLAM! It shoots a huge power transformer. Huge crackling electrical wires come loose

CAPTION

Fighting a superhuman opponent doesn’t have to be an automatic death sentence. Most of them have no combat training to rely on. They just woke up one day and could shoot flames out of their hands. This reliance on their powers makes them an easy target for a well-trained fighter.

PANEL TWO

The lights are off due to the transformer being shot. The scene is illuminated by the flaming transformer. Santini is up and behind Hamat. He strikes downwards at the back of Hamat’s neck with his right elbow.

Hamat’s right hand is reaching upwards towards Santini with his electronic pistol in it.

At the same time, Coleman is striking upwards into Hamat’s throat with his right arm straight, punching with only the forefinger and middle finger knuckles only (any other type of punch will generally break your fingers).

Hamat bites down on his own protruding tongue as his head is at once pushed down and up.

Coleman’s left hand controls Hamat’s gun, keeping it pointed left. It fires off continuously, a string of shell casings filling the air, muzzle flashes strobe everywhere.

CAPTION

Special Forces close-combat is all about staying close. Deliver sharp & sudden debilitating strikes with elbows, forearms and knees. Aim for joints. Control the opponent and keep pounding him no matter what.

PANEL THREE

Santini’s right hand is over the top of Hamat’s head. His middle and ring fingers are plunged DEEP into Hamat’s eye sockets. One of his eyes is already mashed to jelly. If you want, you can have the other out and dangling by a stalk (yep, it really happens and it’s sick as hell to see).

11 CONTINUED:

Santini's left hand controls the Gauss Pistol in Hamat's left hand, pointing it towards Hamat's head and away from his own.

Coleman knees Hamat in the crotch and slams his right elbow into the left side of his neck.

CAPTION
Everyone's got a weak spot. Never back off from an opponent the way people always do in the movies. Don't give them time to adjust.

PANEL FOUR

Inset panel: Santini controls Hamat's hand with both of his own, aiming Hamat's gun at his own head, so that when Hamat pulls the trigger in this panel, he blows off most of his own head. Electricity amps from Hamat's head, blowing Coleman and Santini away from his body.

CAPTION
Don't stop until your partner drops.

PANEL FIVE

Coleman and Santini stand over the body. It's twisted into an agonized shape. Electricity amps and arcs from the corpse, incinerating it from the inside out and lighting the room with bright blue-white light.

SANTINI
Let's get to Stormwatch and get armed - I don't want to run into any more of these assholes while I'm in my underwear.

PAGE 12

PANEL ONE

Close shot on two big metal doors set into a concrete wall. A sign reads “Stormwatch.” Below it is an electronic palm reader. Santini & Coleman’s shadows are cast onto the reader.

COLEMAN (O.S.)
Electronic door locks. Power’s out. Now what?

SANTINI (O.S.)
We improvise.

PANEL TWO

WHAM! Two fire axes are slammed into the metal doors. The two men pull in the opposite directions. The immense strain shows on both their faces.

COLEMAN
Pull!

SANTINI
I am pulling! I think that asshole broke some of my ribs.

PANEL THREE

Downshot. The doors slide open. At the bottom of the two doors, lies KHALID TEFIBI, UNCONSCIOUS.

SANTINI (O.S.)
Tefibi!

PANEL FOUR

Santini smacks Tefibi on the cheek, trying to wake him up.

SANTINI
C’mon, breathe, kid.

COLEMAN (O.S.)
So who the hell is this guy?

SANTINI
Khalid Tefibi, Intel and tech support. He’s also the team armorer.

COLEMAN
Good. I needs me a gun. Like now.

12 CONTINUED:

PANEL FIVE

Santini helps Tefibi sit up. Tefibi sucks in air. He’s pale and sweaty (not having enough oxygen makes you sweat… Interesting, no? Okay, no, but it’s still true.)

SANTINI
What are you doing here, Tefibi?

TEFIBI
I was down here working on the computer systems when the power went down. The air filtration systems must not be hooked up because I ran out of fresh air real quick.

PANEL SIX

Inset panel. Tefibi sniffs the air. He smells Coleman & Santini.

TEFIBI
Speaking of fresh air, what's that horrible freakin' smell?

PAGE 13

PANEL ONE

Widescreen. Medium shot. Santini & Tefibi. Santini ticks off points on his fingers. Tefibi scratches his chin.

SANTINI
We're flying blind right now. I need hard Intel on these scumbags… That means computers, the in-house security system and communications with the outside. Make a suggestion.

TEFIBI
There's a auxillary generator in the basement. If we could get that turned on, we'd have access to communications and the teleporter.

PANEL TWO

Widescreen on Santini and Tefibi.

SANTINI
Let's not be in such an all-fire hurry to use that damned thing. I'd settle for a phone line right now. What'll it take for you to get that generator working?

TEFIBI
Backup. I'm not walking these halls alone. I'm not cut out for this blood and guts stuff like you guys are.

PANEL THREE

Widescreen. Santini grits his teeth and leans up against the wall, elevating his arms to help himself breathe better with his broken ribs. It's hurting him bad. Coleman stands by him.

SANTINI
I need to tape these damn ribs… I can barely breathe. Can you and Tefibi handle the generator without me?

COLEMAN
Shape you're in, you'd be getting in my way more than you'd be helping, old man.

SANTINI
Thanks. See if you can think up a more cruel way of putting that next time. Let's go get you some weapons.

PAGE 14

PANEL ONE

The Stormwatch Armory room. A huge steel double door stands open in the foreground. In the BG, Coleman and Santini stand by a steel locking rifle case. Tefibi crouches at the doorway.

SANTINI
TEFIBI!!!

PANEL TWO

Inside the armory. Every single rifle/pistol/grenade launcher rack is completely empty. Santini is pissed.

SANTINI
Where. The Hell. Are My Guns?

TEFIBI
Well, the new Stormwatch isn't actually slated to be fully operational for another three weeks, sir-

PANEL THREE

Santini chews him out.

SANTINI
We got Lord knows how many superpowered terrorist upstairs and I've got no guns to kill them with! Make a suggestion.

Tefibi points to a crate against one wall.

TEFIBI
We do have a crate of flares.

SANTINI
Oh, sure, that's it! We'll just ask the terrorists to open their mouths and then we'll shove in your flares. Hey, how about you try it first?

PANEL FOUR

Tefibi gestures towards the hall. Coleman and Santini glare at him.

TEFIBI
I'm sure it's small consolation, but your uniforms did arrive. Maybe you change out of those clothes. Please? I'm really starting to feel ill around you.

PAGE 15

PANEL ONE

Stormwatch Locker Room. Looks like every gym you've ever been to, except the lockers are wider to accommodate their armor. Wooden benches on metal risers run in front of the benches.

Coleman stands in front of an open locker, pulling on his Stormwatch combat uniform. Santini sits next to him, pulling on the pants, shirt off. His side is black and blue from where his ribs were broken.

SANTINI
I can't believe the water isn't hooked up yet.

COLEMAN
I need a shower, man. First day in the new suit and I'm covered in shit before I even get it on. Oooh, lookie here.

PANEL TWO

Coleman pulls a 12-inch combat knife out of his locker and balances it on the tip of a finger.

COLEMAN
Sweet! Now I gots me a knife to fight some superpowered terrorists with!

SANTINI
Always the wetwork with you.

PANEL THREE

Blake pulls a long square UPS package out of his locker. He looks at it happily.

COLEMAN
Well, Tefibi did one thing right. I got a package from my Gramma back in Georgia!

SANTINI
That's sweet. What'd your Gramma send you?

PANEL FOUR

Coleman lays his UPS package on the bench next to the sitting Santini.

COLEMAN
Who knows. I'll open it later.

SANTINI
You'd better open it now. There may not be a later.

15 CONTINUED:

COLEMAN
Man, a couple'a broke ribs makes you all sorts of morbid! Fine, you gloomy shit, I'll open it.

PAGE 16

PANEL ONE

Coleman has the UPS box torn open. He sits on the wooden locker bench next to Santini. A carved wooden box rests on his knees. He reads a handwritten note aloud.

COLEMAN
Dear Blake, I hope this helps with your new government job. Love, Gramma.

PANEL TWO

Coleman opens the box. Inside is a sawed-off double-barrelled shotgun and several solid-shot deer slugs.

SANTINI
Jesus. Blake, what did you tell your Gramma you were doing for a living?

COLEMAN
Told her I was hunting Moonshiners for the government. She hates them backwoods crackers.

SANTINI
That’s an understatement.

PANEL THREE

HQ Main Room. Gramma’s shotgun over one shoulder, Coleman helps Santini into a chair in the main room.

SANTINI
I’ve got to meet your Gramma someday.

COLEMAN
She’d love your skinny ass. You’d walk out of her house thirty pounds heavier.

PANEL FOUR

Widescreen. Coleman and Tefibi head out the door. Santini sits in a chair taping his broken ribs with duct tape.

COLEMAN
Okay, we’re gone.

SANTINI
Good. Don’t take stupid chances. Keep the geek alive. Without power for the teleporter, we’re sitting ducks in here.

COLEMAN
Would you stop mentioning that fucking thing? I don’t like thinking about it.

16 CONTINUED:

PANEL FIVE

Widescreen. The door slides shut behind Coleman. Tefibi looks at him curiously. Coleman responds with a twisted lip. He doesn’t like the teleporter. Next issue we find out why. Wait for it.

TEFIBI
What’s the big mysterious deal with the teleporter?

COLEMAN
If you’re lucky, you’ll never find out.

PAGE 17

PANEL ONE

Widescreen establishing shot of our utility basement of the UN. The power's still off, so it's pretty dark, illuminated only by the burning transformer. The fried corpse of Hamat lies stretched out where Santini killed him. Coleman and Tefibi walk across the room with flashlights. Tefibi stares at Hamat's dead body… This is the first one he's ever seen. He looks like he's going to barf. It's old news to Coleman.

TEFIBI
Santini killed this guy with his bare hands?

COLEMAN
No. He threw Girl Scout cookies at him until he died of heart disease. You'd best watch out, Tefibi… Santini likes killing people… and you look to be a man who likes cookies.

PANEL TWO

Widescreen. The two stand next to the backup generator. Coleman's flashlight illuminates the words "Auxillary Generator." Tefibi has a box of nearby circuit breakers open and is stripping wires and tying them together differently.

TEFIBI
Ha ha, Coleman. Jeez, You're already picking on me. Every job I've ever had, I'm there five minutes and people start picking on me.

PANEL THREE

Coleman covers them with his shotgun. Behind him, Tefibi turns a huge lever on the Backup Generator.

COLEMAN
I guess it's that scent of helpless wuss that you give off. Cues us Alpha Males to mock you.

TEFIBI
Funny how you Alpha Males come running to us nerds when you need a generator turned on in only one section of a building. There. Done.

COLEMAN
Good job, Nerd. Let's head back.

PANEL FOUR

Widescreen. Inside the Steel Scarab's ship. Over the Shoulder of the Scarab as he looks out his windshield. Smoldering cop cars and ambulances litter the street.

17 CONTINUED:

Cops several hundred meters away have been "zoomed" and targeted in red reticules on his screen via Heads-Up-Displays. In the corner, an architectural diagram of the UN building shows the UN Basement. A light blinks red. Scarab presses a button on his complicated dashboard.

STEEL SCARAB
Steel Scarab here. Someone has activated the backup generators in the sub-basement.

RADIO VOICE
We will investigate it. Keep an eye on the infidel's police. Allah is great. <click>

STEEL SCARAB
Yeah. He's fucking swell. Asshole.

CLICK. He hangs up.

PANEL FIVE

Nice widescreen close-up on Ivana Baiul's lips again.

STEEL SCARAB (V.O.)
This is Scarab. I think Santini's starting his party. I just told the crazy assholes inside the building. When I can pull out and leave those idiots behind?

IVANA BAIUL
The whole point of this attack is to monitor how well Santini and his team do their jobs. You pull out before I give the word and you won't get paid a dime.

STEEL SCARAB (V.O.)
Fine, I'll wait, but if it gets hot, I'm gone.

CLICK. He hangs up.

PANEL SIX

Inset panel. Close-up on Steel Scarab. He's not happy.

STEEL SCARAB
Bitch!

PAGE 18

PANEL ONE

Half a row. Coleman and Tefibi hump it down a dank concrete tunnel back to the Stormwatch HQ. The lights in the hallway glow blue.

TEFIBI
Now that the power's back on, we'll be able to contact someone on the outside.

COLEMAN
Hopefully someone with some big freakin' guns.

PANEL TWO

Half a row. Coleman sees a human-shaped shadow on the wall ahead of him. Coleman pushes Tefibi back the way they came, one finger over his lips in the universal "shut up" symbol.

NO DIALOG

PANEL THREE

Widescreen. Long shot down a hallway. Coleman and Tefibi have dodged around the corner of a hallway T-branch. They're pressed up against the hallway wall on the right side of the panel, the long hallway at the left side.

At the end of the hallway they just ran back from is HAMOQ, the identical twin of the masked lunatic Coleman and Santini killed earlier (Hamat). This guy's an even bigger gun nut than his twin. He's got so many guns that even his guns have guns.

A radiophone on Hamoq's chest rings. Beeps. Whatevers. What do we do about that? Do we draw "BEEPBEEPBEEP" on the page or something? Anyway, terrorist guy reacts to it.

SFX
BEEPBEEPBEEP

This panel and the next four are all of the same shot, just push closer and closer each time… building tension as Hamoq gets closer and closer to the virtually unarmed Coleman & Tefibi.

PANEL FOUR

Widescreen. Same angle, closer shot. The guy is closer to Coleman and Tefibi, all guns out and totally prepared for anything which might happen. Coleman braces his back leg behind him. Tefibi slides down the wall to Coleman's right, terrified.

HAMOQ
(translate later - don't print this in English. Audience should only know what Coleman knows)
<Hello?>

18 CONTINUED:

PANEL FIVE

Widescreen. Same angle. Closer shot. Hamoq's handheld radio reception is bad. His face reflects his frustration. Coleman points the shotgun at head height, butt to his shoulder. Tefibi crouches into a tiny ball, hands over his ears, scared shitless.

HAMOQ
<Hello? Hello? Piece of crap radio!>

PANEL SIX

Widescreen. Same angle, but closer. Hamoq's about a foot from Coleman and Tefibi's side hallway. He's stopped walking towards them and is banging the radio against his fist.

HAMOQ
<Work, you Son of a pig!>

PAGE 19

PANEL ONE

Widescreen. Same shot. The terrorist's back is turned. He's about three feet from the corner Coleman & Tefibi were hiding around. Coleman has jumped out into the corridor, his shotgun aimed from the shoulder… None of this Doom "shoot from the hip" bullshit.

Panels 2, 3 & 4 make up one horizontal row.

PANEL TWO

The shotgun muzzle firing.

PANEL THREE

The back of Hamoq's head explodes. Blood flies everywhere.

PANEL FOUR

Coleman's face spattered with Blood. Mouth open, teeth grit together tight.

PANEL FIVE

Widescreen. Back to the hallway shot. Coleman looks back over his shoulder and calls to Tefibi who's peeking around the corner

COLEMAN
You can stop hiding now. The big scary man is dead.

TEFIBI
Ha ha, very funny.

COLEMAN
Check him for Intel. Lists, names, shit like that.

PANEL SIX

Widescreen. Downshot. Tefibi rolls over the unconscious Hamoq. The skin on the back of his head is totally shredded, but he has a gleaming metal skull which is untouched.

TEFIBI
Holy crap! He's still breathing! He's not dead! How'd you manage to knock him out and not kill him?

COLEMAN
Wasn't trying to knock him out. I was trying to blow his freaking head off. Guy must have a brain made of solid steel. Crap.

19 CONTINUED:

PANEL SEVEN

Widescreen. Coleman grabs Hamoq under his arms and nods towards the legs.

COLEMAN
Grab his feet, Santini's gonna want to talk to him.

TEFIBI
What if he doesn't want to talk to Santini?

COLEMAN
Don't talk about shit like that unless you want Nightmares for the rest of your life, kid.

PAGE 20

PANEL ONE

Widescreen. Coleman backs through the door to Stormwatch's Ready Room. He's dragging the unconscious Hamoq. Santini looks up from his desk.

SANTINI
Took you long enough.

COLEMAN
Stopped to get you a present.

SANTINI
Wow. He's a big one. You shouldn't have.

PANEL TWO

Widescreen. Santini watches Coleman haul in the unconscious Hamoq. Coleman's got the guy's shoulders, Tefibi is struggling to hold his legs at the knees.

SANTINI
You must be getting soft in your old age. Time was you would have killed him right out.

PANEL THREE

Widescreen. Close on Coleman and Tefibi. Tefibi barely hides a smile. Coleman shoots him a warning look.

COLEMAN
Oh, I figured you could use a little Human Intel.

TEFIBI
Yeah, uh, that's it. We meant to take him alive.

PANEL FOUR

Santini picks himself up off his chair, moving towards Hamoq.

SANTINI
Hey, I thought I killed this guy already.

TEFIBI
He's either a clone or a twin brother. Once I've got the computers up, I'll check the international databases to see if I can find anything on him or his friends outside.

PAGE 21

PANEL ONE

Widescreen. Santini crouches near the unconscious Hamoq. He lifts one eyelid. Hamoq's pupils are dilated and rolled up into his head. He's definitely unconscious.

SANTINI
Yeah, you do that. Meanwhile, we can't have this freak waking up and killing us when our backs are turned. Let's put him in one of the temporary holding cells.

TEFIBI
Yeah, uhm, they're not ready yet, either.

PANEL TWO

1/2 row. Santini gets in Tefibi's face. He's pissed.

SANTINI
Does any goddamned thing work around here?

TEFIBI
Sorry, Sir, but we're not supposed to be operational for-

SANTINI
-for another three weeks, yeah, I fucking got it.

PANEL THREE

1/2 row. Santini's resigned to it. Calmed down. Wry smirk on his face.

SANTINI
Can you at least tell me how strong this piece or garbage is?

TEFIBI
Oh, sure, that I can do. Bio-scanners arrived yesterday.

PANEL FOUR

Widescreen. Tefibi passes a handheld bio-scanner over the body of Hamoq. The bio-scanner works like a portable MRI scanner/X-ray. It has a screen about the size of a clipboard which shows what's inside Hamoq's body. The bones inside his body should look all wrong… Like steel rebar (maybe square instead of rounded?).

21 CONTINUED:

TEFIBI
Wow. Someone's put a lot of money into this guy: alloy bones, neuro-fiber muscular upgrades, monofilament nervous system, pain centers cut, healing enhanced. I'd say he's about a level 7 SPB.

PANEL FIVE

Inset shot. Close up on Santini. Smiling. An evil smile.

SANTINI
Good. Not strong enough.

PANEL SIX

Widescreen. Coleman and Santini are on either side of the panel in the extreme foreground… We can only see their waists. Between them is the unconscious Hamoq duct-taped to a rolling office chair with about thirty rolls of duct tape around his chest, arms and ankles. This should be slightly comical.

COLEMAN
My Gramma always said there ain't nothing that can't be fixed with duct tape.

PAGE 22

PANEL ONE

Widescreen. Tefibi is in the extreme foreground, looking up slightly. Blue television light illuminates his face. Behind him in the BG, Santini and Coleman stand with their backs to Tefibi, staring at Hamoq, the duct-tape mummy.

TEFIBI
Sir, I've got the internal security monitors back on... You're going to want to see this.

PANEL TWO

Widescreen, big panel… maybe 1/2 page. Over the shoulder shot of Coleman, Santini & Tefibi as they stare upwards at four large security monitors.

On the monitors are a Hostage Rescue Team's worst nightmares:

In one, Hasan-i Sabbah (the guy with no face & a turban) holds an AK-47 pointed at several people in suits down on their knees, hands on their heads.

In the second monitor, Shakoosh Kabir (wearing futuristic black leather combat gear - sort of an evil Midnighter, but either no mask or else a very small domino/Zorro style mask) stands amongst a group of hostages lying on the floor.

In the third monitor, a swirling black mist moves in and amongst some hostages seated around the national security council table, all face down on the table. This is Aswad Ziballa, our new female Islamic superterrorist.

The fourth monitor shows the Steel Scarab's bugship out in the parking lot.

PANEL THREE

Widescreen. Close on the three Stormwatchers as they stare upwards at the security monitors. Blue light illuminates their faces.

COLEMAN
Jesus. There's three more of them inside plus the two outside… And they've got hostages.

SANTINI
Well, that tears it. This is beyond the three of us. Warm up the teleporter… It's time to bring in the team.

The End: Stay tuned for issue #2!

REFERENCE FOR THIS ISSUE:

CENTRAL PARK: http://www.centralparknyc.org

See also: *Marathon Man* starring Dustin Hoffman.

THE UNITED NATIONS:

Online Virtual Tour:
http://www.un.org/Pubs/CyberSchoolBus/untour/index.html

Here’s a 360-degree Panoramic Quicktime of the Security Council chamber: http://www.un.org/cyberschoolbus/untour/subsec.htm

Gauss Guns (also called Coil Guns)
http://www.powerlabs.org/coilguns.htm

The original Hasan-i Sabbah:
http://www.disinfo.com/pages/dossier/id985/pg1/

Bloody Hand of Jihad

Blue Beetle	=	Steel Scarab
Captain Atom	=	Ash Shams (The Sun)
Question	=	Hasan-i Sabbah (name of ancient medieval cultist)
Thunderbolt	=	Shakoosh Kabir (Sledge Hammer)
Nightshade	=	Aswad Ziballa (Black Garbage)
Peacemaker	=	Hamat & Hamoq (intelligent anger & irrational anger)